

# AN ELEGIE

## UPON

# D<sup>R</sup> THO. FULLER

That most Incomparable Writer,

Who Deceased *August* the 15<sup>th</sup> M. D. C. L X I.

**R**oom for a *Saint*, set open Heavens Gate,  
 Here comes the AUTHOR of the *Holy State*.  
 See with what Train and Troops he now ascends  
 Of Blest acquaintance, and Cœlestial Friends!  
 Blest Ones, he comes to make your number more,  
 His *Life* did much, his *Death* improves your store;  
 Such modest merit crowds not for a feat,  
 Bliss covets to be *FULLER* and compleat.  
 A Cherubs wing hath soar'd him to this Hight,  
 And Heaven is now in stead of *Pisgab* Sight:  
 His *Holy War* but now is finished,  
 When the reward of Glory crowns his Head.  
 Each *Tract* (like *Jacob's Ladder*) still did rise,  
 Directed Souls, and fixt them in the Skies:  
 There are his Books transcribed and compriz'd  
 Within the *Book of Life* Epitomiz'd:

And if th' *Herculean Labours* found a place  
 Assign'd in Heaven by the Gods, then Grace  
 So well employ'd and exercis'd here  
 Will shine far brighter in its Glories sphere.

The kinder *Parcæ* yet forbore the Thred  
 Of that *Invincible*; till Vice was dead,  
 And he had quell'd the Monsters, and suppress'd  
 All growing Ills, and set the World at rest:

But this our *Hercules* was snatcht from hence  
 I th' middle of his \* *Work*, while in defence  
 Of squalid Vertue through Injurious Age  
 'Gainst monstrous Antiques he a *War* did wage;

\* An excel-  
lent Piece  
in folio  
now in the  
Press.

Broke off its *Adamantine* bonds of Sleep,  
 The Dusty Marbles could their guests not keep:  
 Had rouz'd our World again, and Truth appears  
 Like Stolen Goods, by jarring of the years.

Prodigious Luxury of Cruel *Death*  
 To stifle Thousands through His loss of Breath!  
 Who shal redeem our *WORTHIES* from the grave  
 When he is gone who them alone could save?  
 Oft have we strain'd *Caligula's* wish, to make  
 Death odious for some great and good mans sake

\* The Wor-  
thies gene-  
ral of Eng-  
land is the  
Title of the  
said Book.

But here how truly sad it fits our Turn  
 Where Fate is *multiply'd* in *FULLER's* Urn.

Take then the Triumphs of his Noble Pen  
 To tell the World the Learned'st are but Men;  
 And that the *rescue* of their worth from Time  
 Death in his Fate hath made a cap'tal crime.

But know Illustrious Soul that we do see  
 Those higher Reasons which transported thee  
 From the black Art of Dark *Antiquity*  
 To th' Speculation of *Eternity*:  
 Let the Beatitudes there fill thy Mind  
 While wer content with what thou leav'st behind;  
 And if forgetful be, or sparing Fame,  
 Thy *ART of MEMORY* shall preserve thy Name.

*Sic mæret* JAMES HEATH.